

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

AH! THERE, STAY THERE.

BY LOUIS HAEHLER.

Now there is a pretty fellow,
Whom I meet every day ;
He stands upon the corner,
But never seems to go away.
When I pass by, he hard does try,
To mash and at me stare,
And if I look some other way,
He always shouts, ah, there!

Ah! there, stay there,
Ah! there, stay there,
I will quickly reply.
Ah! there, stay there,
Ah! there, stay there,
As I am passing them by.
(Repeat Chorus.)

Even the pretty policeman,
As he walks up and down his beat,
He always tries to mash me,
When he chances me to meet,
As he walks up and down,
And swings his club with care,
And when I chance to look around,
He always shouts, ah, there!
Ah, there! stay there, &c.

Now the grocer and the butcher,
To whom I go most every day,
They tell me that they love me,
But I bid them keep away.
The Dutch clerk gives me taffy,
With his blond and curly hair,
And when he chances to see me,
He always shouts, ah, there!
Ah, there! stay there, &c.